INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Now raise the stars and stripes on high,
And float its beauty in the sky.

While East and West, and South and North,
All celebrate the Glorious Fourth.

Let bells ring out their wildest clang,
And crackers pop and cannon bang;

Let brass bands shriek and drums resound,
And sogers march for miles around.

Let all America's small boys explode with patriotic noise,
And blow their fingers into shreds and smash torpedoes on bald heads.

Now let the Eagle brag and scream, and let the girls have lots of cream,
And hear long speeches full of spunk, and keep alight the blazing punk.

Shoot pinwheels, rockets, bombs and mines, and fire-works of all designs,
Without a thought of what's to pay on this our Independence Day.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.*

THE PROFESSOR.

Graphic Sketch of an Interesting Character.

Not the least wonderful thing about the professor is the fact, which he himself would be the first to acknowledge, that he is my friend. Two persons more completely unlike could hardly be found than the professor and myself. I have often wondered how it was that we became as intimate as we now are, and yet I can give no reasonable reason for it. I must represent to the professor a gulf of yawning ignorance. His knowledge begins so far above where mine ends, that it is impossible for us to have any extended conversation on any subject with which he is familiar. He is the author of many works that are text books in the higher branches of science. He gave me the latest volume he had published, and I took it to my London lodgings and tried hard to read even the first page. It was of no use. I might as well have tried to wade across the Atlantic. It was too deep for me. Next time I met him, I said:

"Professor, I read that interesting volume of yours last night. Couldn't put it down till I had finished it."

The professor brightened up. "I am glad you liked it," he said.

"Still I have one fault to find with it. It is too simple. You should remember that you are not writing for children but for grown up men. Why don't you write something learned and deep?"

The professor sighed.

"Your criticism is just," he admitted; "but you see I am only on the threshold of knowledge. I often think it is presumption in me to write at all, and I would not have issued the book I gave you were it not for the urging of the publishers and some of my friends. Of course you noticed the error in that calculation on page 103?"

"Certainly. I suppose you claim that was a mistake of the printer?"

"Oh, not at all. The mistake was mine, and the more inexcusable, as I corrected the proofs. If the investigations in which I am at present engaged are successful, I hope to produce a book that will meet the approval of all my friends. Did you notice any other errors in the book?"

"My dear professor, haven't you known me long enough to be aware that I can't read a page of that book or understand a line of it? I didn't know any thing of the error on page 301 or—"

"Page 103," corrected the professor.

"Well, page 103, then. It would take me years to get up to the preface of that book—in fact, I doubt if I ever would reach there."

"Then your criticisms," began the professor, reproachfully, "were pure bosh." I admitted.

The professor looked at me over his glasses, as was a habit of his, and said nothing. He thought such trifling with so serious a subject as science was utterly beneath the dignity of any sane man, and indeed it was.

Although the Professor is one of the most genial men I ever knew he is completely devoid of any sense of humor.

One evening at the professor's rooms a mutual friend told a very funny story. It was so evident that the Professor did not see any thing funny about it that I proposed we should try and explain it to him. The mutual friend analyzed it; took it apart, bit by bit, and explained where the point of the yarn was, and to assist him I drew a diagram on a sheet of paper. The professor listened with that intense attention which he gave to any subject that was brought before his notice, and then said, with a sigh:

"Don't you perceive, gentlemen, that the premises are wrong and consequently the whole structure falls to pieces. The story can not possibly be true."

The professor, I need not say, is a bachelor, and he has lived most of his life in the same London lodgings. Why Providence placed such a man as he is in the midst of London I never could understand. I would as soon think of trusting a five-year old child on the streets of the great city as the professor; yet he has so far managed to get along without accident. He goes along the crowded streets with his mind far away, and a sort of instinct seems to take him to the place he starts for. He will cross streets in the midst of a roaring traffic that would appall a man with his senses about him. Many a cab-horse has been suddenly pulled back on its haunches to prevent the professor being run over, and many a bus has been quickly swerved just in time to save him a broken limb or worse. Curses loud and deep follow him, but they merely come back to roost beside the drivers who send them, for the professor goes on in his placid way, perfectly unconscious that he is being sworn at and equally oblivious to the fact that he has passed unscathed through all the dangers of a cavalry charge. No master ever treated his slave with the exacting severity that the professor's mind treats the professor's body. His mind is not intentionally tyrannical; it merely gives no thought to the bodily professor that the world sees, and which to the mental professor is merely a useful arrangement of bones and muscles very handy for transporting the mental professor here and there and for absorbing such nutriment as the mental professor needs to carry on his calculations. To the astonishment of the professor, this only too willing slave has broken down under the burden imposed on it on one or two occasions. The doctor has said to him: "My dear sir, you are killing yourself with over-work. You must have some mercy on yourself."

These remarks bewildered the professor very much. He is of the opinion that if there is one man in London that is neglecting his opportunities and not doing half what he ought to, he is that man.

A few weeks before I left London the professor invited me up to his rooms, and then, as usual, forgot all about the appointment. As I waited for him, his good landlady told me that she was seriously afraid that the professor would have another break down. That morning, when she came in to light the fire and lay the table for breakfast, she was astonished to see the professor, wan and haggard, working away at his manuscript with the gas light, although it had been day for some hours.

"Dear me!" he said, looking up, "I thought I had *had* supper!"

"Supper!" cried the landlady. "This is breakfast. You surely haven't been working all night?"

The professor seemed very confused, and looked as guilty, the landlady said, as if he were a burglar caught in the act. He appeared to think that the night had played some sort of practical joke on him. "And," said the landlady to me, "what is a person to do with such a man. Talking to him doesn't do the least good, for he forgets all about it."

"That's easy enough," I said. "Whenever you think it is time for the professor to be in bed just go down to the meter and turn off the gas. He will grope his way patiently to his room and will never grumble."

She was just expressing her admiration of this idea, when the professor came in as cheerful and joyous as if he had not been up all night. He was much pleased and surprised to see me, and said it was very kind of me to drop in on him whenever I had the chance.

"Look here," I said, "if you want to get out of your appointment with me, say so honestly, or admit frankly that you had forgotten it; but don't try gammon, professor. You're not equal to it."

"No, no," he said, with painful earnestness. "You're wrong this time. The appointment was for to-morrow.

"To-day, professor."

"I happen," said the professor, gleefully, "to have the means of proving what I say. Knowing my proneness to forget, I put down the day on my tablets. Here it is: Wednesday, you see."

"Exactly. To-day's Wednesday."

The professor was evidently shocked, and glanced appealingly at his landlady. That worthy woman shook her head and sadly corroborated my statement of the day of the week.

The professor sank into his armchair.

"Bless me," he cried, "I can not account for this. I gave Tuesday's lesson to my class and it *did* seem to me that we had gone over the ground before, but no comments were made. I complimented the students on their proficiency, and now that I remember it, there seemed to be a good deal of suppressed levity as I did so, although at the time I believed it to be the feeling of pleasure that follows a task well prepared. I really can not account for the mistake."

"My dear professor, it is easily accounted for. You are a very methodical but very dissipated man. You have not slept since Tuesday, and until you *do* sleep it will still be Tuesday with you. If you don't give up this roystering around all night with science, every day will be Tuesday by and by, as the hymn has it. You will either have to go to bed or go to Bedlam."

I believe that the question: Where was Moses when the light went out? has never been satisfactorily answered. I am, however, in a position to tell where the professor was when his landlady turned off the gas at the meter at eleven o'clock the next night. He was reveling, as usual, in the paths of science, and he told me he never got such a fright in his life. He thought he had become suddenly stricken with blindness, a malady which his physician had predicted at the time he had to take to glasses. I hope the fright has done him good.

The professor's method of navigating London is very peculiar. His mind seems to give his body the general direction when he starts for any place, and after that he sinks into reverie and lets his body work out the problem alone. The professor's body threads the intricate mazes of London apparently without mental assistance. The professor is a splendid guide in a fog when every body else in London is lost. But if you arouse the professor's mind so that it takes the place of instinct the professor is as helpless as any body. In going home from his class he always takes the same route, and you can always count on the professor taking a certain turn at a certain time, and thus if I wanted to meet him I merely took my stand on his route at the right hour and very soon would see the professor with bowed head working his way along the crowded thoroughfare, noticing nobody. It was thus that I met him after I had been absent from London over a year. I stood directly in his way and he ran into me.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, and turned to the left. Again I planted myself before him and again we collided. He used the same phrase, evidently not knowing he had run into the same man; then turned to the right only to collide again.

"See here," I cried, "do you want the whole pavement to walk upon? What's the matter with you? Are you drunk, sir? This is the third time you have run against me. I won't stand it, sir!"

"I really beg your pardon, sir. It was very stupid of me. I sincerely hope I have not injured you, sir."

"Only by not recognizing me, professor. Nothing inflicts so deep an injury as to get the cut direct from a person's old friend, or by one who was once a friend."

"Bless me," he said, "is this you? I thought you were thousands of miles away. Curious that I should run against you in London."

"No, professor, the curious thing is that you don't run against every body that happens to be in London."

The last time I walked home with the professor, a dense fog hung over London. The air was cold and of course damp. When we entered the professor's rooms he lit the gas and then applied the match to the neat pile of fuel that was heaped up all ready for lighting. The dense smoke, instead of going up the chimney as all well-regulated smoke should do, poured forth into the room. They don't have the sheet-iron contrivances for placing over fire-places in England that we have in America; at least I never saw one there. The substitue is generally an open newspaper held over half the orifice, and then the flame usually consents to go up the chimney and burn the paper if it can. I tried the newspaper dodge, but it didn't work. The room was filled with smoke. The professor threw open the doors but still the smoke poured into the apartments.

"Good gracious!" I cried; "What's to be done?"

"I'm sure I do not know," answered the coughing professor. "Ring the bell if you can find it."

I groped around for the bell-handle and pulled it. The landlady's servant girl came running up the stair. She took in the situation at a glance. Seizing the newspaper that I had been experimenting with she twisted it up and set fire to the loose end of it. This paper torch she thrust up into the chimney. For a moment the flame came down. The next is was roaring cheerfully up the flue. The flame of wood and coal followed right merrily. The girl then pulled down the top sash of the window and pushed up the bottom one, and in a few moments the room was free from smoke and the fire burning as brightly as it ought to do on such an evening. Meanwhile the learned professor and myself had been standing in the hall with our overcoats on, coughing and trying to clear our throats from London fog and smoke.

When we sat down I said to the professor: "Well, old man, that was a beautiful object lesson for *you*."

"Certainly. An object lesson for both of us, for, if the smoke has not obscured my mental vision, you were as helpless as I was."

"Oh, you can't shove off the responsibility on *my* shoulders. You can't even get them to share the responsibility. I never published a book on areostatics or areodynamics. I am not an authority on fluids except such as can be bought for so much a glass. No, sir. There you sit the most noted man on those subjects in——"

"Oh, no, no," protested the professor, "*not* the most noted!"

"Don't interrupt the lecture. There you sit, I repeat, an authority on all such subjects. You come to your room with a friend. It happens that there is in the chimney a column of air that is more than usually cold, damp and heavy. Now, if one of your students asked you how that cold column of air was to be got out of that chimney I presume you would tell him to go on the roof with a fifty dollar air pump, put it on the chimney and exhaust the——"

"Now you are not fair. I would of course inform him that the heating of the column would cause it to ascend."

"Oh, you *would*, would you? Then you knew all the time what the proper thing was, and you saw your friend gasping in the last stages of strangulation, and yet you stood there and never offered the information necessary at the moment. Because I had not paid the college fees I presume. Professor, I did not think that of you."

"Really, sir," said the professor, "you are very unfair—I might even say unjust. I have the knowlege as you say, but at the moment the application of it did not occur to me."

"That's it exactly. That's your object lesson. There you stood choked with knowledge and smoke not knowing what to do, and an ignorant girl who knows nothing of areostatics, or areodynamics or areo-any thing but the area she came from, immediately does the right thing and the scientific thing. Knowledge, as my friend Bunsby used to say, 'lies in the application on it.'"

"Your friend Bunsby was right. Americans are unexcelled in the application of scientific principles to practical uses. I presume your friend Bunsby was an American?"—*Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.*

FACTS ABOUT NAMES.

The Funny Ways in Which Patronymics Are Coined and Transformed.

Anglo-Saxons appear to have first given surnames indicating some moral or mental attributes, as, for instance, Wise, Good, Swift, Jolly, Merry, Meek, Gay, Goodman, Makepeace, etc. Then we have names indicating real or fancied resemblance to some animal, such as Bear, Lion, Wolf, Hogg, Hart and Hare. From physical characteristics or peculiarities must have originated such names as Long, Short, Black, Brown, White, Whitehead, Cruikshank, Strong, Armstrong, Longfellow and Greathead. A nickname kept in a family for a generation or two becomes a patronymic. Hence such names as Hopper, Jumper, Springer, Daddysman, Poor and Rich.

The Mc and O of the Irish and the Mac of the Scotch indicate descent. There is another way in which the same thing is shown: Adam's son becomes Adamson, David's son Davidson; Thompson, Wilson, Williamson, Donaldson, Anderson and many other names are similarly derived. Localities or places of residence usually gave rise to such names as Hill, Dale, Wood, Green, Greenwood, Heath, Rivers, Waters and Parks. Such names as Welsh, French, Irish, Ireland, English and Scott may perhaps be traced back to the nationality of some remote ancestor.

Some of the Pennsylvania Dutch names which have been partly transformed into English are queer enough. In Armstrong County, Pa., there are several families by the name of Schreckengeist, which signifies in German a ghost or specter of terrible appearance. One would think the name could be made no worse, but some of the people have succeeded in transforming it into Shriekingghost. Milliron, Morningstar, Redheffer and Barndollar are other German names which have been partly translated.

The names which were derived from occupations are probably more numerous than any other class. All know how widespread the Smith family is. In the same category belong the Clarks (clerks originally), Cooks, Coopers, Bakers, Barbers, Taylors, Shoemakers, Tanners, Farmers and others. The months or days in which people were born originated such names as May, June, January, March, Friday and Monday.

The inns of old England are probably responsible for many names. For instance: John of the Rose became John Rose; Thomas of the Bell, Tom Bell; Richard of the Hawk, Richard Hawk; Henry of the "greathouse" became Henry Greathouse, and so on, until there is scarcely a bird, animal, or other device that ever figured on a sign-board that is not perpetuated as a family name.

The poverty of invention of the pioneer community in America in the matter of names for towns results in bestowing some absurd appellations on backwoods hamlets. Who can name a county, either east or west, which has not some village styled Paris, Oxford, Jerusalem, London, Berlin, or something else equally absurd?

There are, perhaps, as many queer names among the English as among any people on earth. Dickens' stories abound in them, yet very few of his names were manufactured. Such names as Slaughter, Startup, Gotobed, Deadman, Churchyard, Dogberry and Fudge are found in English directories.

The Romans had double, triple or even quadruple names, as, for example, Cains Julius Cæsar, Tarquinius Superbus, and Quintus Fabius Maximus. Frequently an honorary name was added to commemorate some warlike achievement; Fabius was called Cunctator, and Scipio Africanus.

Sometimes the very queerest of names get coupled together as the title of a firm. Here are a few specimens: Hook & Ketch, Cobb & Hay, Peacock & Sparrow, Fox & Crane, Singer & Hooter, Drake & Gander, Fisher & Fowler, Goslin & Pond, Wild & Free, Cannon & Gun.—*Chicago News.*

—Boil whortleberries five minutes; the amount of sugar to a quart jar should be four ounces.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The horsemen of the City of Mexico are subscribing money to aid the city in repaving the streets so that they may be able to use their horses.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A Winnipeg photographer has put himself in a way to have a fine lot of libel suits. He recently exhibited a case full of photographs of his debtors, each being labelled with the name, address, and indebtedness of the person represented.

—The Czar has an album with the pictures of all the Nihilists who have been implicated in plots against his life. When the last attempt was made he remarked that the album would soon be filled, as there were only a few pages left.

—An office in connection with the Greenwich hospital, England, was abolished, the occupant thereof receiving a gratuity of $7,500 and a pension of $2,800, and the office was soon after re-established with a new title and a salary of $5,000.

—It has been discovered within a short time that the schools which educate the bulk of German children teach German history only down to the year 1812, so that all contemporaneous history remains unknown to them.

—The London General Omnibus Company pays a yearly dividend of 12½ per cent. The average price paid for their new horses is $170. They had one horse die on their hands every day in the year. To carry 90,000,000 passengers a year they have 750 omnibuses in service.

—At the present time there are on the pension lists of the British army the names of widows of officers to whom pensions were granted seventy years ago. Some of these widows must therefore be from one hundred to one hundred and thirty years of age. But the average Englishman is sceptical on this point, preferring to believe that there is fraud somewhere.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Generally a man dies leaving less properly than he supposed that he owned. The Baron du Meuil, of Brussels, however, thought he owned but a small property, and after making a few legacies, directed the remainder to be spent on his tomb. Some $600,000 has been found to have belonged to him, and his heirs are trying to find out whether it must all go into a mausoleum.

—An immense kiln in the center of the tobacco warehouses at the London docks goes by the name of the "Queen's Tobacco-pipe." It is kept burning day and night, and merchandize seized for non-payment of duty, or because it is considered under the law damaged or unsalable, is burned in the kiln, the owners having no remedy. The ashes are sold for fertilizing purposes.

—Mr. A. Rea has discovered at Mahabalipur or Seven Pagodas—some thirty miles south of Madras, on the Coromandel coast—a hitherto unnoticed cave temple, in addition to those already known to exist there. A novel feature is that it has in front a double-moulded detached basement, with sockets for wooden posts. Mr. Rea has also found a short Pallava inscription, which may be of importance, for none of the other inscriptions at Mahabalipur supply any clue to their date.

—The *Invalide Russe*, the official journal of the minister of war, gives the effective forces of the czar on the first of January, 1886. According to this account the Russian regular army numbered at the time 824,762 soldiers and 30,655 generals and officers. The reserves amounted to 1,600,815 men. The militia of the first call counted 2,160,000 men. And this without counting the Finland regiments.

SPAIN'S NATIONAL DISH.

The Various Ingredients Entering Into the Composition of Cocido.

I stayed at an excellent French hotel in Madrid, but got tired of the French table d'hote. I wanted to eat as the Spaniards eat. One evening I persuaded a Spanish gentleman to take me to a real Spanish middle-class restaurant and let me taste the fare of the country. The Spanish are a frugal and moderate race. Two or three dishes and dessert—that is their dinner. There is no long bill of fare as among the French. The restaurant was a quiet room on the ground floor of a modest-looking house. There was one or two families and several single gentlemen dining. The women wore handkerchiefs on their heads and shawls over their shoulders. People dropped in, had a soup and a dish of meat, an orange, some nuts, and went away satisfied. Our bill of fare was more extravagant, but it created a sensation. The landlord and all the waiters came in turns to look at the extraordinary Englishmen who had such gigantic appetites. Here is the exact menu: We began with olives and pickled pimentos and guindellas and chilis. These were the *hors de d'œuvres*. Then cigarettes. Then we had an ordinary thin soup, followed by cigarettes; and then came the great National dish, called *cocido*. If you have a good dish of *cocido* (pronounced *cothido*, because of the Spanish lisp given to the c before certain vowels) you have a good deal for your dinner. It is a savory stew of chicken, potatoes, sauce, bacon and white beans, all boiled up with pieces of beef. In most Spanish families this is the every-day dish. Of course the poorer classes have to leave out some of the ingredients, except on festive occasions. In Andalusia the peasants will set around a huge panful of their version of this article. It is made according to their means, and often vegetables are plentiful, but the pieces of meat few and far between, and each man ladles it out by spoonfuls into his mouth. Plates are dispensed with. The foreigner who is suddenly confronted with a huge dish of *cocido* and politely requested to help himself is in some difficulty. He takes a spoonful at hazard. The water still stands at his elbow. "The senor has only taken beans." Again you make a dash with the spoon and secure something else. The waiter stares, but does not move away. "The senor has only taken sausage." The senor, confused, requests the waiter to assist him, and then the process, though slow, is interesting. A spoonful of beans on the plate; then, selected with the greatest care, a piece of chicken; then a patient search for a slice of sausage buried under a mound of cabbage; then the cabbage itself; then a minute devoted to a voyage of discovery in search of the nicest piece of beef; then an exploration in search of a succulent morsel of bacon; then a spoonful of potatoes, and then over all an extra spoonful of the beautiful gravy. I timed my waiter, and he took six minutes and a half to help me to *cocido*. When the dish passes down a table d'hote it takes about an hour to go round. It is for this reason that the Spaniards help themselves altogether at the same time from the common dish.—*Referee.*

REFORM IN MOROCCO.

How the Sultan of That Country Put an End to Kief Consumption.

Reform is carried with a high hand in Tangiers. No public meetings are necessary; no long speeches need be made in the city councils. As soon as the mind of the Sultan of Morocco is settled, upon any important question, he merely indicates the course which it is desirable that his subjects should pursue, and, if they do not take his somewhat forcible hints, woe be unto them! Recently the faithful of Tangiers were informed, after the morning prayers held in all the mosques, that their sovereign had determined to forbid the sale or purchase of all intoxicants, especially of tobacco, snuff and "kief," a preparation of hemp. Think of cutting off a Moor from the privilege of his pipe!

That His Highness was in grim earnest was speedily made to appear; for, a few hours after the promulgation of the decree, two soldiers, found smoking kief, were put in irons and cast into prison. Many of the townspeople, who had not even heard of the edict, were soundly bastinadoed for disobeying its provisions, and certain old smokers, who could not at once break themselves of their bad habits, were cast into prison, with the pleasant prospect of being flogged ignominiously through the streets. The shops in which intoxicants had been sold were closed, and large quantities of kief were burned in the market-place. Processions of ragamuffins paced the streets, exalting the wisdom of the Sultan's proclamation, and hooting the snuff-stained handkerchiefs which they carried upon long poles.

Such arbitrary measures may seem too extreme, even in so good a cause, but the Sultan has reason for severity. Tobacco is not strictly allowable for believers in the Koran, and kief is the inseparable companion of Moslem degeneracy. It is against this article that the new crusade, if we may so characterize a Mohammedan agitation, is directed. It is one of the most insidious of narcotics, supplying its victim with celestial visions and beatific serenity for a time, and ending by dominating his soul and body, like a tyrannical master.—*Youth's Companion.*

HINDOO HOUSE LIFE.

The Humiliations to Which the Women of India Are Subjected.

Now for an idea of a Hindoo woman's home life. She lives in a small room almost destitute. The floor and walls are of clay, with no ornamentation of any sort and the least furniture possible. Every morning she has to pray—not for herself, as she is taught that she has no soul—but for her husband, for rain and general blessings. Then she spends two or three hours preparing the breakfast. She doesn't eat with her husband, but, perhaps, fans him at his request. During the daytime she either sleeps, gossips with the other women, or sometimes a reader reads to them from the lives of the gods. These stories are unfit for human ears, they are vile from beginning to end. The children and women are taught them. At night they prepare their husband's meal in the same manner. They are not protected against the weather and dampness, nor are they properly fed and clothed. The rich live the same as the poor. If sick they are deemed cursed by the gods and are taken to the stable and left alone. The only food they can get is left by stealth. Thousands die of neglect. The first day that a Hindoo boy abuses his mother is a festive occasion with his father, who boasts of it to his friends. To be a widow is the sun of unhappiness. She is especially cursed by the gods. As the husband dies, half a dozen barber's wives rush upon her and tear the jewelry from her ears and nose. Behind the funeral cortege she follows, surrounded by those friends, who throw her into the water. If she drowns they say she was a good wife after all. She has gone to meet her husband. She is kept in a darkened room for fourteen days. At the end of this time her husband's ashes are taken to the river, and, after a peculiar ceremony of prayers, the soul is supposed to be free. It may enter an insect or an animal. The worst punishment the soul can sustain is to enter the body of a woman.—*Philadelphia Press.*